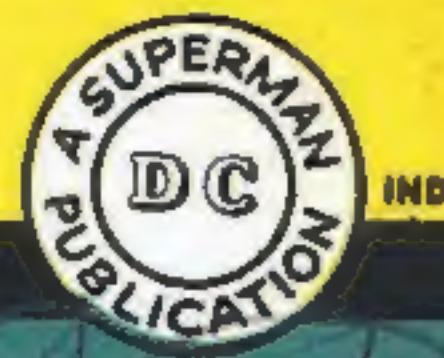


No.101

JULY...TEN CENTS



THE BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OKAY, ALFRED,  
Y' TRACKED ME  
DOWN? I'LL  
CONFESS — I  
DID IT!

DID WHAT,  
OLD BOY???  
I ONLY WANTED  
TO URGE YOU TO  
BACK THE **7<sup>TH</sup>**  
**WAR LOAN!**



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- AND WE  
HELP'EM

BUZZY

ALL FUNNY COMICS

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THIS SYMBOL  
IS YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE  
BEST  
IN COMIC  
READING!

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

-THE BOY WONDER-



IT'S TWINS AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME—OF ALL THINGS! AND IT'S ONE EMERGENCY AFTER ANOTHER WHEN ALFRED, THE SLEUTHING BUTLER, FINDS HIMSELF CAST IN THE ROLE OF NURSEMAID—AND ALL BUT CAST INTO THE GRAVE BEFORE THE FINISH...ONCE AGAIN ONLY THE BATTLING BATMAN'S FLASHING WITS AND SMASHING FISTS AVERT TRAGEDY AS, WITH ROBIN AT HIS SIDE, HE RUNS A RACE WITH PERIL TO SOLVE THE REMARKABLE RIDDLE OF—“THE TYRANNICAL TWINS!”

BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO AN UNEVENTFUL DAY—WHICH PROVES HOW WRONG THEY CAN BE!

WUXTREE'S CLERK ARRESTED IN BIG JEWELRY ROBBERY?

THAT'S ONE CRIME BATMAN AND ROBIN WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT, EH, BRUCE? THE POLICE SEEM SURE OF THEIR MAN! HE SERVED TIME ONCE BEFORE FOR GRAND LARCENY!



WANT TO COME IN WHILE I PICK OUT SOME SHIRTS, DICK?

NO, THANKS! I'LL WAIT HERE AND LOOK IN WINDOWS!



I WONDER IF YOU'D WATCH MY TWINS WHILE I GO INTO THE STORE? I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO FEND FOR A HUSKY PAIR OF YOUNGSTER, AREN'T THEY?



IN FACT, THE EXCITEMENT HAS ALREADY BEGUN!

WHAT DO I DO NOW? MAYBE THIS BALL WILL HELP!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? STARTING A DAY NURSERY?



QUICK TOSS ME THE BALL! THAT SEEKS TO AMUSE THEM! WHERE DID YOU FIND THEM?

THEIR MOTHER ASKED ME TO WATCH THEM WHILE SHE WENT INTO THE STORE, JUST FOR A MINUTE!

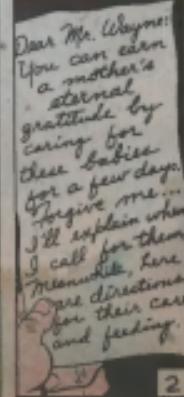


AN HOUR LATER...

WHEW! IF SHE LEFT THE STORE RIGHT AWAY, AS SHE SAID SHE WOULD, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BY ANOTHER DOOR!



MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, FELLA. THERE'S A NOTE I DIDN'T NOTICE BEFORE—AND IT'S ADDRESSED TO BRUCE WAYNE!



DETECTIVE COMICS



MINUTES LATER, IN A DOWNTOWN DEPARTMENT STORE...

THERE YOU ARE, **BATMAN**! THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE CUSTOMER WHO BOUGHT THE TWIN BABY CARRIAGE WITH THE SERIAL NUMBER YOU GAVE ME!

MRS. STELLA RANIER, THE WIFE OF THE JEWELRY STORE CLERK THE POLICE ARE HOLDING!



BUT IF THOSE TWINS BELONG TO RANIER, AND SOME OF THE STOLEN JEWELS WERE INSIDE THEIR RATTLES, DOESN'T THAT PROVE HE'S GUILTY?

NOT NECESSARILY, **ROBIN**! AND THERE'S NO SENSE IN GUESSING TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT MRS. RANIER CAN TELL US!



AT THAT MOMENT, WITHIN THE RANIER HOME...

COME ON! TELL US WHERE THE KIDS ARE AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

THEY AREN'T HERE! THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY!



SUDDENLY...

THREE ARMED MEN AGAINST ONE WOMAN? IS THAT FAIR?

HUH?... **BATMAN**?

THANK GOODNESS!

AN' **ROBIN**!



THE LEAST I CAN DO IS CUT DOWN THE ODDS A LITTLE!

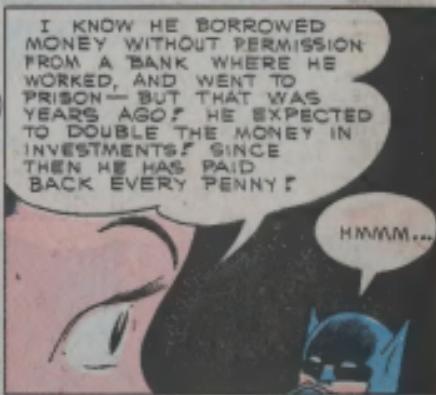
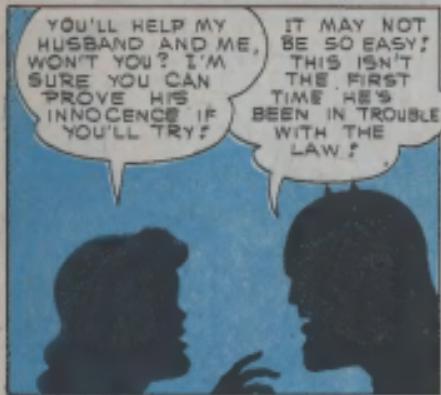


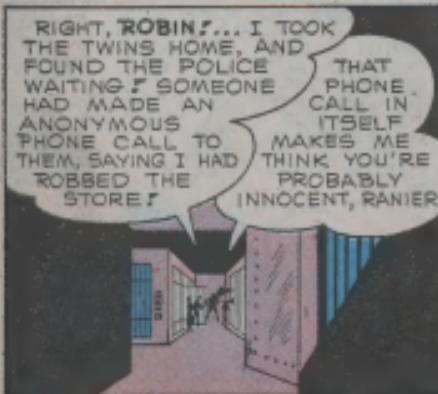
TAKE A DEEP BOW, CHUM!

NICE GOING, **ROBIN**!

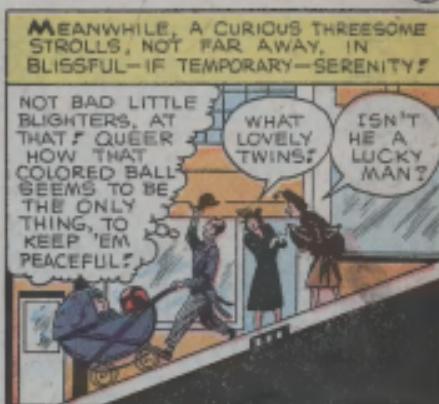
I'LL FIX 'EM!

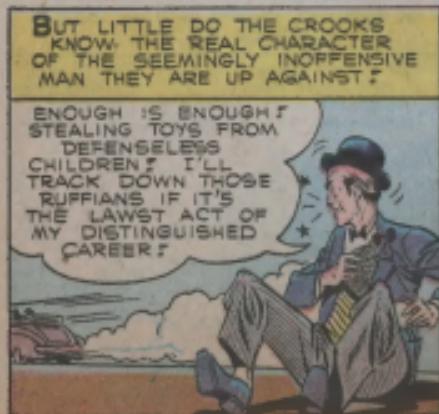


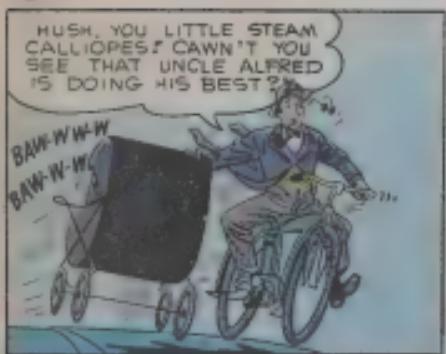




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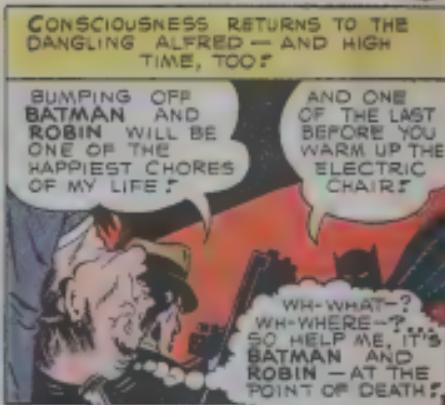




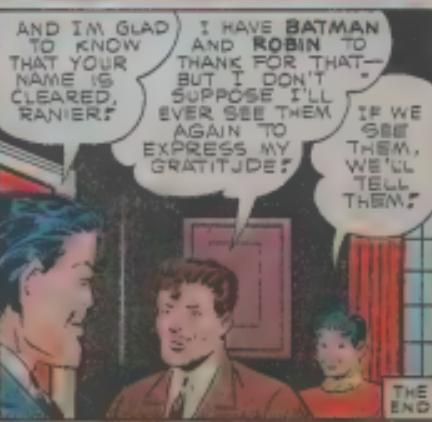
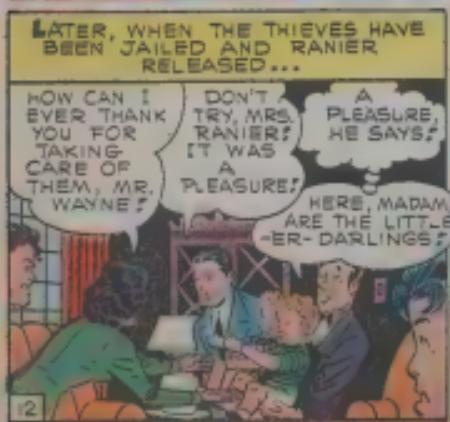
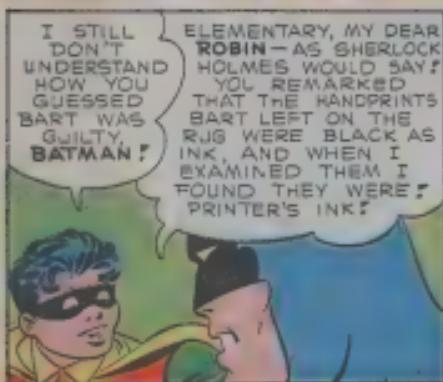
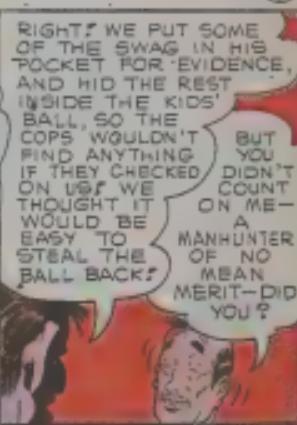
A GRAVE AND GRUESOME SITUATION, THIS, WITH NO TIME TO WASTE IF ALFRED IS TO BE SAVED FROM A HORRIBLE FATE! AND—ALTHOUGH THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THEIR MAJORDOMO'S PREDICAMENT, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE WASTING NO TIME!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE JEWELRY SHOP THAT WAS ROBBED, BATMAN? THE THIEF WON'T STILL BE HANGING AROUND!





DETECTIVE COMICS





REAL MOUTH WATERING GOODNESS IN WHEATIES.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN. TOASTED TO SPARKLING CRISPNESS. FLAVORED WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP -- THAT'S WHEATIES! AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE THE CHAMPION DISH RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY BIG-LEAGUE BALL PLAYERS.

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# SLAM BRADLEY

DEFT-FINGERED FELONS MOVE INTO TOWN FOR BUSINESS, AND BRING THE POLICE TO THE END OF THEIR WITS! BUT A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE SETS THE SLUGGING, SLEUTHING FIRM OF BRADLEY AND MORGAN ONTO THOSE FILCHERS, WHO—UP TILL THEN HAD A HAPPY LITTLE PLAN FOR MAKING EVERYDAY A...

*"Shoplifter's Holiday!"*



AS SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN DO A LITTLE SHOPPING...



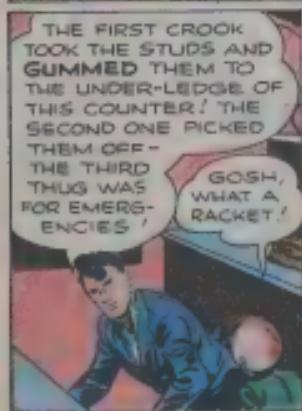
I—I AM NOT ACCUSING YOU, SIR. 'JUST THE SAME, THE DIAMOND STUDS ARE GONE—STOLEN WHEN I TURNED MY BACK!'

I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL! AND JUST TO SATISFY US BOTH, I INSIST ON BEING SEARCHED!



# DETECTIVE COMICS





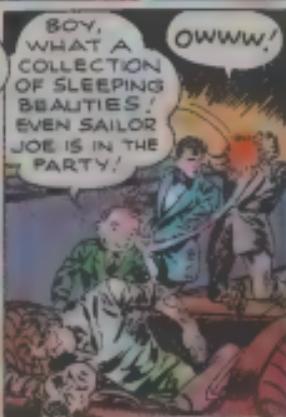
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# LOOK! MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS -in keen colors!



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22 IN COMPLETE SET



48th Fighter Squadron (ACTUAL SIZE)

25th Bombardment Squadron

27th Fighter Squadron

53rd Bombardment Squadron

95th Bombardment Squadron

127th Bombardment Squadron

99th Bombardment Squadron

188th Bombardment Squadron

32nd P-47 Thunderbolt

44th Pursuit Squadron

2nd Bombardment Squadron

34th Bombardment Squadron

41st Bombardment Squadron

Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator

Boeing B-17 Superfortress

Lockheed Lightning P-38

VB-13 VB-3

BOYS-GRILS-Here's the latest thing out. Kids everywhere are collecting and swapping these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons — now, as prizes in packages of Kellogg's PEP.

They're metal buttons, in wide variety, of actual army and navy squadron and division insignia. Nothing quite like 'em to pin on your cap, sweater or jacket.

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# DETECTIVE COMICS

ANTHING IN A PINCH, EVEN TO CALLING A SMALL-TIME CRACK FOR A CHARACTER WITNESS....

ME NAME IS BIG TIM BLANCO, LIKE I TOLD DA CLOTH! AND I BEEN ACCUSTOMED WID RONNIE FOR YEARS!

IN FACT, I'VE  
KNOWN HIM SINCE  
HE WAS ABOUT  
DIE HIGH!

YEAH,  
DAT'S  
RIGHT!

AND, JUDGE, I NEVER  
BEEN A MORE HONEST  
GUY! HE WOULDN'T  
DO MORE TINK OF  
STEALIN' SOMETHIN'  
THAN I WOULD!

YOUR  
HONOR,  
I  
OBJECT!

THE  
WITNESS'S  
TESTIMONY IS  
COMPLETELY  
INCONSEQUENTIAL!

OBJECTION  
TO THE OBJECTION,  
YOUR HONOR!

OBJECTIONS AND  
COUNTER OBJECTIONS,  
AND SOON THE  
JUDGE IS IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
A BRAWL!

SILENCE,  
EVERYBODY!  
I'LL HEAR THE  
ARGUMENTS LATER.  
COURT IS  
ADJOURNED UNTIL  
THIS AFTER-  
NOON!

WHAT A  
NUISANCE!  
HOW ILL  
HAVE TO  
HANG  
AROUND!

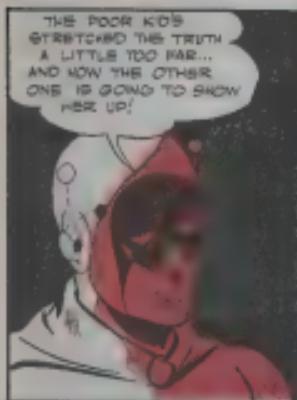
BUT AS THE  
MAGICIAN OF  
RADIO CATCHES  
A BREATH OF  
FRESH AIR AT  
A WINDOW....

MAN, MY DOLL  
HAS NICE  
CLOTHES!

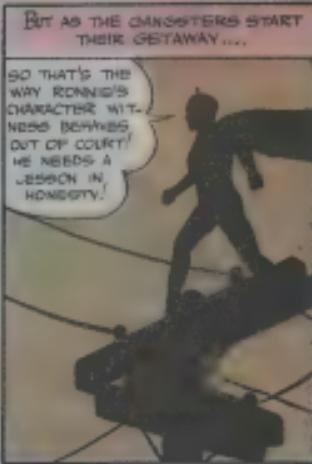
WELL, MY DOLL CAN  
HAVE NICE CLOTHES, TOO,  
IF SHE WANTS...BUT  
SHE DOESN'T LIKE  
TO SHOW OFF!



DETECTIVE COMICS



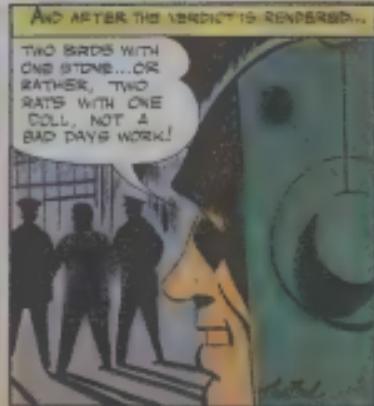
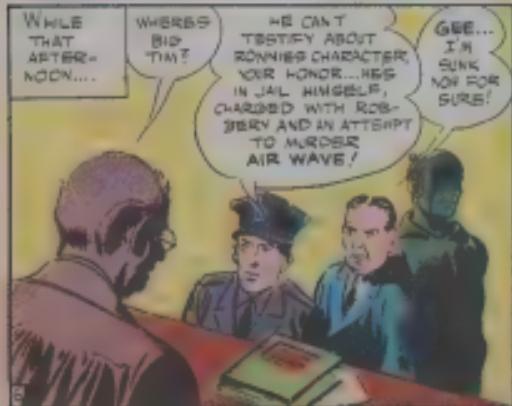
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Dates expire June 1, 1968



# DESK JOB

by Tom Neill

THE thing that makes me a great boss," Big Angie said, "is that I sit right here at my desk and plan campaigns, just like Napoleon did." He beamed upon the mobsters who had assembled in his office. He was very fond of his boys, Big Angie was. And they all knew he was smart—a general just like Napoleon.

They sat there now, as paractical a crew as ever hoisted a safe or hijacked a truck, and stared back fondly at him. Big things were brewing, they knew, whenever Big Angie called them all together like this. At Big Angie's side sat his lieutenant, Little Angie, smiling proudly.

"The boss is right, guys," Little Angie says. "It takes a great general, sitting at a desk, to tell his men what to do." He stared severely at them. "And when the soldiers whine is you guys, obey orders, then nothing can go wrong."

"And there is a big melon to cut, too, Little Angie," the Big Boy added. He beamed pointedly again on them, and then spread out a newspaper.

"Did any of you fellers ever hear of the Faith diamond?"

Knucks McGurn whistled. "Did we! It's the biggest piece of ice in the world. I sure wouldn't mind getting my hands on it."

Big Angie savored the news he was about to impart. The boys would get a surprise now. "Maybe you are going to get your hands on it, Knucks," he murmured. "In fact, I am going to order you to take it."

"What?" McGurn jumped from his seat. "That rock is closer guarded, Big Angie, than the gold down in Kentucky, which has an army around it. We wouldn't get anywhere near it."

"Sit down," Little Angie cut in, "and stop interrupting the general!" Cagily, he added. You must listen to the plan

of the campaign first.

"This here is a country town newspaper," Big Angie said, scowling at the paper. The Waterloo Courier. "It is in this here town that the Faith diamond is going to be one week hence." He wagged a fat finger at his mob. "How I got this paper is a military secret," he said mirthfully, "and there was very few printed before the editor realized somehow that somethang had sneaked in about the Faith diamond."

They were all puzzled, including Little Angie. He hadn't heard about this before. Enraptured, his battered countenance was raised toward Big Angie. "They got all those papers back but this one," he said. He could have told them that a gas station attendant in town had left it lying about, and one of Big Angie's side-racket boys, a purveyor of counterfeit gas coupons, had picked it up. But that would have been telling a military secret. Napoleon wouldn't have done it, so Big Angie didn't either.

"This tank town, fellers," Big Angie went on, "is the summer place of Mrs. Starling, the owner of the Faith diamond. To help the sale of war bonds, she is going to show it, and the rest of her collection of ice, at her home one week from Friday." He puffed at his cigar. "It is only for the wealthy coloey, who have got to buy at least \$10,000 worth of bonds to get in. That is the ticket of admission."

"Ten gees to go through a door," Little Angie breathed.

Big Angie exhaled a cloud of blue smoke toward the ceiling. "It's not that, Lieutenant," he said. "This Mrs. Starling knows the insurance company would have more cops there than there are pigeons in Central Park. And she doesn't like cops around. That's why she didn't want anything even in this

paper. It's strictly a whispering campaign between the rich. They buy bonds and get to see this rock."

Little Angie couldn't restrain himself. "They are saps," he said. He scratched his head. "Seems to me there are more saps in wartime . . ."

"Shut up, Little Angie," said Big Angie. "I am talking." His eyes glinted. "And now I will pick the four men who are going to be there." His arm shot out. "You, Fashionplate, and you, Smooth Richard, and you . . ."

There were four of them, out of the fifteen in the room. "I picked you guys," Big Angie said, "because you are going to be guests." He smiled fondly on Little Angie. "And Little Angie here will be waiting outside Mrs. Starling's in the car."

"It's gonna be a big stick-up," Fashionplate breathed. He was tall, good-looking, and impeccably dressed. He had a wonderful reputation as a safe-cracker. "Ain't it, Big Angie?"

The Big Boy looked at him with a benevolent eye. "You are very smart, Fashionplate. And you know how to carry out orders. But why look like you do?"

"I was just wondering how we get in."

Big Angie smiled, opened his desk drawer. He threw over the four \$10,000 bonds. "These will do it."

No one said a word until Little Angie broke the silence. "Ain't he a real Napoleon?" he sighed. "A regular general! Wait till you guys get the rest of the layout."

"Campaign," Big Angie corrected softly. "Listen men."

It was simple, startlingly so. And, acting on orders, with Little Angie to command, they followed out every detail. Each night, in a small hotel in a neighboring town, the five crooks met, bringing in informa-

ation after casing the town and the Starling estate. Big Angie's informant had been right. The Faith diamond and a lot of other ice was going to be on view.

"And no cops," Fashionplate revealed. He had earlier that evening returned from a date with one of Mrs. Starling's maids. "I got the straight dope on that. Everything's gonna be done very quiet until the day after. Then Mrs. Starling turns in this terrific load of bonds and reveals the patriotism of her neighbors."

"Incredible," Smooth Richard, who had been posing as a vacuum cleaner salesman, said.

Little Angie whistled. "Almost a million bucks worth of ice just for saying 'Keep your hands up and your mouths shut.' He shrugged. "Saps." Then, loyalty, "Big Angie sure knows how to figure things out. Nothing can go wrong when Napoleon makes out a campaign."

And so it seemed as Little Angie next night sat at the wheel of a powerful black car parked inconspicuously in the driveway of the Starling estate. Seug against the seat and the door, on his left, was a revolver. And from the house floated the strains of an orchestra. At the last moment, Mrs. Starling had decided to treat her guests to dancing and a buffet supper.

"For ten gees a ticket," Little Angie said early that evening when the change had been imparted to him. "She should give 'em room and board for a month."

Nevertheless, he was feeling very happy now. Fashionplate, the last man to go in, had entered only a few moments ago. And beneath his Beau Brummel-like exterior was concealed one of the tommy-guns the boys would use as persuaders.

He looked at his watch. 9:50. In ten minutes it would be all over, and the boys would come running out.

Suddenly, he started, and his hand stole to his gun. It was the friendliness in the voice coming from the darkness that kept him from using it. "Howdy, stranger. You got ten to ten,

too?"

Little Angie's eyes narrowed, then widened as he saw the star beneath the man's coat. His fingers went around the gun. A copper! For an instant, Little Angie felt panic. Then he relaxed, remembered what Big Angie had always said: "Never get panicky, you never get caught."

Yeah, Big Angie was right. This was nothing but a yokel cop, who didn't know he could be blasted right now. Little Angie's lips tightened. Well, he'd blast the cop as soon as the boys got out.

"You chauffeuring some of the guests?"

"Yeah. My boss is visiting Mrs. Starling." Little Angie said. "She's having a party."

"Right nice woman," the constable shook his head. "But I wish she'd told me she was going to have a party tonight." He seemed almost fretful. "She'll get a surprise, though, mark my words."

Little Angie grinned inwardly. "Yeah," he thought, "she's sure gonna get a surprise." He stole a glance at the dashboard clock. It was one minute to ten. "Just about now." In his mind's eye he could see the boys uncorking the tommy-guns. Just like Big Angie had told them to.

His eyes darted to the constable, who chewed placidly on a wad of tobacco. The constable brought a heavy gold watch from his pocket, looked at it satisfactorily. He didn't see Little Angie moving the gun cautiously from its resting place.

"By the way, stranger," the constable said. "My name is . . ."

His eyes widened as he saw the gun. "Hey, whaddya doin' with that? Put . . ."

Little Angie's finger squeezed slowly, evenly on the trigger. The gun never went off, for suddenly the shrill cry of a siren split the air. As though a magic wand had been waved, the Starling house went dark!

Little Angie got only a glimpse of it as a heavy gold watch struck him on the temple.

His four pals, like himself,

were in handcuffs when he came to. The room seemed filled with State troopers. Little Angie blinked as a bright light smote his pain-stabbed eyes, and it took him a moment to realize that the light came from a huge diamond on the chest of a grey-haired woman, talking to a sergeant of State Police. "It was so thrilling, sergeant, that black-out coming in the nick of time. These horrible men were pointing guns at us." She shuddered. "Terrible. Terrible." She turned suddenly and beamed at the constable.

"I'm so glad our local Defense Council put all the town's lights on a master switch," she said. "But you should have told me, Constable . . ." She paused, perplexed, searching for his name.

The constable shifted his cud. "You didn't tell me you were going to show the Faith Diamond tonight, Mrs. Starling," he said dourly, "and bring every crook in the country here to snatch it! I saw the lights when I was walking by and stopped to tell you we were going to have a black-out in a few minutes."

"Then I ran into this guy." The constable yanked Little Angie to his feet. "Said he was chauffeuring one of the guests. Only he wasn't, and when he goggled at those lights going off inside, I let him have it with my watch. Broke the crystal, too." The constable grinned. "Guess it was good luck, though, 'Cause a minute later a squad full of state troopers came along and this gang of rascals walked right into our arms at the door. Like babies, they were, when they saw we had the drop on them."

"You were wonderful, Constable . . ." Mrs. Starling was still searching for the name.

"Wellington," he said with a frown. "Just think of Napoleon and I guess you'll remember it." He blinked at the sergeant of the State troopers. "Conserve it," he muttered aggrievedly, "everyone in Waterloo but her knows my name. I ain't no desk cop. I move around."

# 'THREE-RING BINKO'

HANG ONTO YOUR SEAT, CHUM—RIGHT NOW YOU'RE PLUMB IN THE MIDDLE OF GETTING COMPLETELY ACQUAINTED WITH "LINSER-LONGER-LUNGO"—THE WORLD'S GREATEST GLASS-BLOWER, IN TWENTY-FIVE DECADES—THAT'S MODEST ME, PAL. LOOK! I JUST BLEW YOU A STATUE OF YOURSELF JUST FOR SPITE. I SHOW YA MY KEEN, UNLIMITED, QUICK-WITTED GENIUS—NOW HOWZABOUT YOU MAKING YOURSELF A FAST SOFT MILLION BY SIGNING ME UP IMMEDIATE WITH A THICK JUICY CONTRACT—OR ARE YOU AFRAID OF GETTIN' WEALTHY OVERNIGHT?

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL AND SUNDRY CIRCUS, MOVIE, CARNIVAL, VAUDEVILLE AND FLOOR SHOW HEADLINE PERFORMERS.

WHEWPH!—A GLASS-BLOWER, SEZ YOU?—LISTEN, WINDY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN A SOFT-OCTAVE SQUEAK COMPARED TO MY GLASS-BLOWIN'S CHAMP... THE ONE-AND-ONLY FAMOUS "HUFFINPUFF"! SIDDOWN, YOKEL, AND HOLD YOUR BREATH FOR A COUPLA GASP'S AND I'LL TELL YOU JUSTA LITTLE BIT ABOUT 'IM //



—SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I'M ABOUT TO FOLD THE CANVAS ON AN ANEMIC LITTLE TENT SHOW I GOT STUCK WITH IN A HORSE TRADE OUT MONTANA WAY, WHEN ONE DAY WHO BRACES ME FOR A JOB BUT A CERTAIN...

"HUFFINPUFF" IS MY NAME, PARDNER, AND I BLOW GLASS... FROM NOW ON I'M JOININ' UP WITH YOUR CREEPIN CARNIVAL OF CANTANKEROUS CATASTROPHIES FOR NO GOOD REASON - WHETHER OR NOT.



OH! SEZ YOU!!!

—WITH THAT, BY WAY OF SHOWING ME A SAMPLE OF HIS STUFF, AND BEFORE I COULD TOSS HIM ONTO THE HIGHWAY, HE WENT TO WORK!



OKAY, PAL!  
YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

- IN TWO MINUTES FLAT THAT INFLATED HORNED TOAD HAD BLEW A DOUBLE-THICK BOTTLE COMPLETELY AROUND ME, AND THREATENED TO --



- HE JUMPED RIGHT INTO HIS ACT THAT VERY NIGHT, AND IN SPITE OF ALL MY MISGIVINGS HE ABSOLUTELY 'STOLE THE SHOW'!!



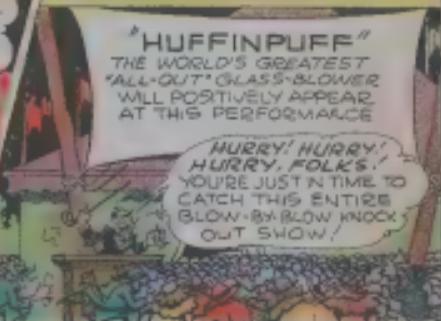
- ONE CUTE STUNT HE PULLED IN EVERY WHISTLE-STOP THAT WE PLAYED WAS TO BLOW A GLASS BUST OF THE LOCAL MAYOR - IT COMPLETELY WOOWED THEM!!



- I'VE SEEN SHIPS IN BOTTLES, BUT I AINT THE ANCIENT MARINER - SO WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I SIGNED HIM UP!!



- FROM THEN ON HE FLOORED' EVERY AUDIENCE CLEAR TO THE WEST COAST AND AROUND THE BEND WHEN WE SWUNG SOUTHEAST...



- IN NO TIME AT ALL WE WERE HIP-DEEP IN SUGAR-COATED FOLDING-MONEY - WE ALMOST HAD TO GIVE THE CUSTOMERS 'DOUBLE-CHANGE' JUST TO KEEP OUR BOOKS BALANCED ( I SAID- ALMOST! )



DETECTIVE COMICS

- AND WAS HE A HANDY-MAN IN A PINCH - MEMBER ONCE OUR CIRCUS TRAIN BROKE DOWN, OUT IN THE COW-COUNTRY, AND WERE -

- OLD 'HUFFINPUFF HEARD THE SAD NEWS - SPOTTED A FLOCK OF CONTENTED COWS ON A CLOVER-PACKED HILL NEARBY, AND WAS OFF IN A FLASH!

OUT O' GRUB, BOSS! - THAT WHUT WE IS NOTHIN' ELSE BUT - AND COMPLETELY!!!

HOLD EVERYTHING, DAPPY!

OW, WAH! NOW WHAT'S T'BE DONE?



- AND HE WAS RIGHT BACK ON THE TAIL-END OF THAT SAME FLASH WITH TWO DOZEN QUARTS OF THE CREAMIEST MILK! WHERE'D HE GET THE BOTTLES, YOU ASK? SON, HE BLEW HIMSELF THOSE BOTTLES, TWO AT A TIME, RIGHT ON THE SPOT? WOTTA MAN!!!

- FROM THEN ON OUR ROUTE WAS JUST ONE GRAND TRIUMPHANT MARCH, (FINANCIALLY) AND WE TRAVELED ALL AROUND THE CIRCUIT ON DOUBLE-VELVET!



- I KNEW IT COULDNT LAST THOUGH, AND SURE ENOUGH 'HUFFINPUFF', OUR STAR OF STARS, STARTED TO -

- SOON THOSE DAYS OFF STRETCHED INTO WEEKS OFF. I WAS BESIDE MYSELF WITH RAGE, I WAS!!!



- ALL THE QUICK PROFITS SOON MELTED AWAY WITH HIM OUT OF THE SHOW FOR WEEKS AT A TIME - AND I KNEW DEFINITELY THAT OUR NUMBER WAS UP.

UHM... FROM MILLIONAIRE TO MILL-HAND IN ONE QUICK SPASM - PHEW! NOW LEMME SEE - WANTED... DISHWASHER - MUST BE COLLEGE GRADUATE... WANTED -



BUT I DID A BIT O' NOSEYING AROUND AND LEARNED TO MY SURPRISE THAT 'HUFFINPUFF' HAD GONE IN FOR AN INTENSE STUDY OF...

- ELECTRICITY, CHUM -

I'LL TELL YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY THAT HE'S GONE COMPLETELY BOOGIE- WOOGIE ABOUT NOTHING ELSE BUT- ELECTRICITY!!



'HUFFINPUFF' STOPPED IN TO SEE ME JUST ONE MORE LAST TIME BEFORE THE SHOW FOLDED.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE PALS, WON'T WE, PAL? YOU WOULDN'T BLAME A PAL FOR DOIN' THE BEST WE COULD FOR HISSELF, WOULD YA, PAL - BESIDES, KINI HELP IT IF I HAPPEN TO BE ALL LOADED UP WITH BODY 'LECTRICITY, PAL?



WELL OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN, UNGRATEFUL SCORPIONS I EVER HEARD OF... QUIT YOU COLD, EH? - WHAT'S THE INGRAT DOIN' NOW?



- I TOLD YOU HE'D FOUND OUT HE WAS CHOCKFUL OF BODY ELECTRICITY, SO-O, HE FORMED HIS OWN CORPORATION AND IS NOW BLOWIN' HIMSELF TWO THOUSAND PATENTED ELECTRIC BULBS DAILY... DAY IN AN' DAY OUT... THEY SAY HE'S NOW BLOWIN' HIMSELF INTO HIS SECOND MILLION ALREADY - AND --



HEH-HEH- HEH! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, CHUM - AN' WHERE Y' HEADIN'?





# SPECIAL PEP NEWS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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PEP PEP

NOW—IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP

## MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

THEY'RE PRIZES FOR YOU! Just what you want—to collect and swap. Imagine, authentic, actual-color, military insignia and warplane buttons—keen stuff to pin on cap, sweater or jacket. 12 of them in all. A button as a prize in every package of PEP.

SPECIAL BEANIE CAP OFFER! For colorful beanie to wear buttons on, send 10 cents and 1 PEP box tops to Kellogg Company, Dept. 90P, Battle Creek, Michigan.



SOMETHING SWELL TO LISTEN TO

## Kellogg's PEP BRINGS YOU

If ever a radio show was created for kids, it's SUPERMAN. Why, you've just gotta get your ear glued up to the mike to catch the exciting adventures. And the SUPERMAN SHOW has some mighty good news for you about Kellogg's PEP and PEP's new prizes—in every package. Listen to SUPERMAN—get time and station from your local paper.

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SOMETHING REALLY SWELL TO EAT

## Kellogg's PEP

BOYS—GIRLS—enjoy a cereal made right to your taste, pick Kellogg's PEP. Mmm—Mmm—what delicious wholesome crispness! And when served with fruit and milk it's positively swell. And, know what? When Mom thinks you need sunshine vitamin D, just say, "A bowl of yummy PEP gives me my minimum daily need of that vitamin—also lots of energy vitamin B1."



Kellogg's  
**PEP**



THERE'S MORE THAN THE "THREE R's" TO EDUCATION ON A CERTAIN TINY PACIFIC ISLE — AND MORE THAN "BOOK LEARNING" IN THE MINDS OF A COURAGEOUS SCHOOL-TEACHER AND HER NATIVE PUPILS WHEN WAR ENGULFS THEM! AND THERE'S A GLORIOUS NEW VICTORY TO ADD TO THE BATTLE RECORD OF RIP CARTER'S BOY COMMANDOS AS THEY RISK INCREDIBLE DANGERS TO TEACH THE JAPS A BITTER LESSON THAT WILL ECHO ALL THE WAY TO TOKYO!

STAN SAKAI & JACK HIRSH

A SCHOOL BELL, SYMBOL OF ENLIGHTENMENT — AND A JAPANESE FLAG, EMBLEM OF SAN-AGERY — MAKE AN INTERESTING STUDY IN CONTRAST ON THE REMOTE PACIFIC ISLAND OF SAMPANO!



WITHIN THE SCHOOLHOUSE ...



H'AMERICA AND H'ENGLAND  
MUST BE CRUSHED BENEATH  
THE H'EXALTED 'EEL OF  
JAPAN'S 'EAVEN-SENT  
H'EMPEROR —  
H'IT SAYS 'ERE!

VERY  
GOOD!



DA POPULATION O' TOKYO  
IS AROUND SEVEN MILLYUN —  
BUT IT'S DUE FOR A  
BIG DROP!

RIGHT!

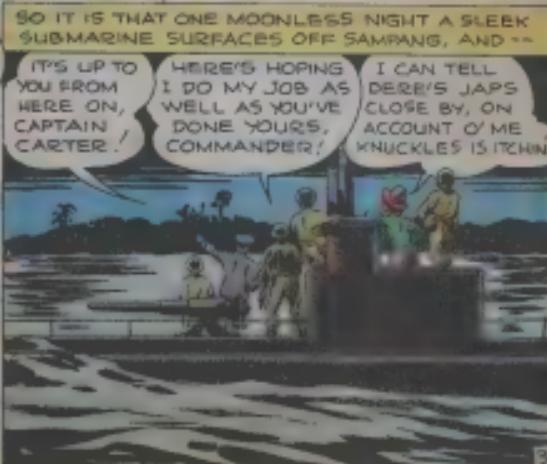
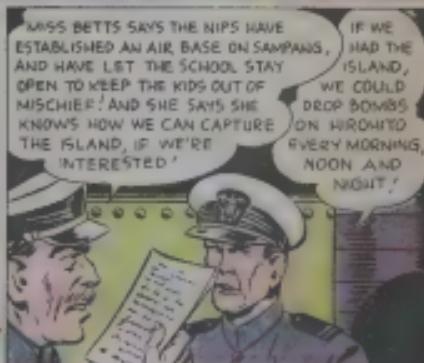


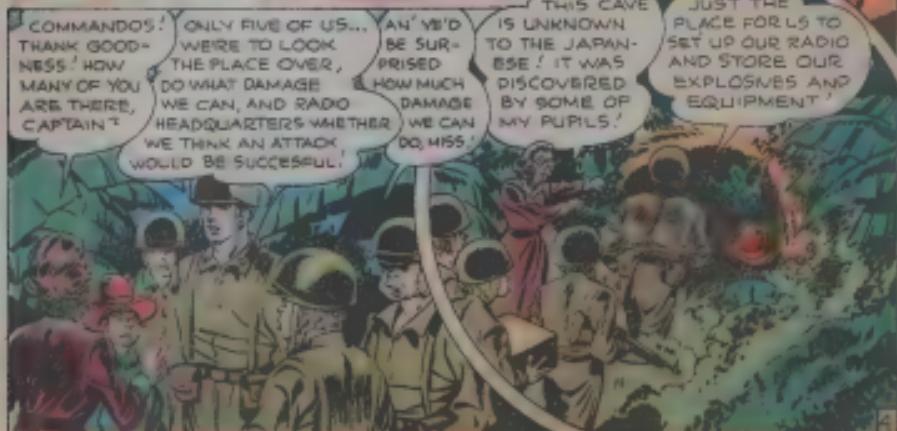
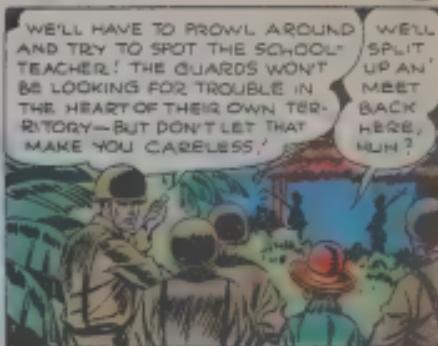
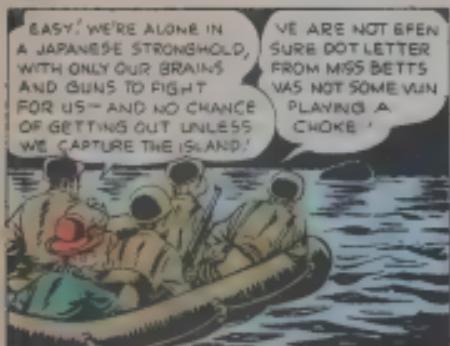
AS ZE NAZI EES ZE MASTER  
OF ZE WESTERN WORLD,  
ZE JAPANESE EES ZE  
SUPERMAN OF ZE  
EAST! ... SO  
ZEY SAY!

YOU  
ARE ALL  
BRIGHT  
STUDENTS!



BUT WAIT A MINUTE, TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT FANTASTIC SERIES OF EVENTS HAS SENT THE BATTLE-SCARRED BOY COMMANDOS TO SCHOOL TO RECITE LESSONS — AND LYING JAPANESE LESSONS AT THAT! ... FIRST, DAYS BEFORE, THERE WAS A TINY TOY SAILING SHIP, BORNE THOUSANDS OF MILES BY OCEAN CURRENTS...





I WAS TOLD YOU HAD A PLAN FOR CAPTURING THE ISLAND, MISS BETTS.

I KNOW THE POSITION OF EVERY GUN AND AMMUNITION STOREHOUSE! THERE IS ONLY A SMALL FORCE OF THE ENEMY HERE!

THE NATIVES OF SAMPANG HATE THE JAPANESE! MY PUPILS HELPED MAP THE FORTIFICATIONS, AND THEY WILL HELP YOU DESTROY THEM! I WOULD HAVE TRIED IT MYSELF, BUT I REALIZED IT WOULD DO NO GOOD UNLESS I COULD CONTACT THE ALLIES!

LADY, LEMME CONGRATULATE YA! YA GOT BRAINS!



BEYOND INSISTING THAT I TEACH FROM JAPANESE PROPAGANDA BOOKS, THE SOLDIERS ALMOST NEVER COME NEAR THE SCHOOL! I COULD DRESS THE BOYS AS NATIVE CHILDREN.

WOT? H'LL GOT H'ALL THE H'EDUCATION H' NEED!

A GOOD IDEA! WHILE I'M HIDING HERE, THEY CAN BE MAKING THEMSELVES FAMILIAR WITH THE PLACE!

AND IT'S SCHOOL EVERY DAY—AND NO PLAYING HOOKEY—FOR THE BOY COMMANDOS. BUT EVERY NIGHT—

DIS GUY WON'T BOTHER US! GET TA WORK!

H'LL OR YE'LL HAVE TO 'ELP ME 'IDE THE WIRES.



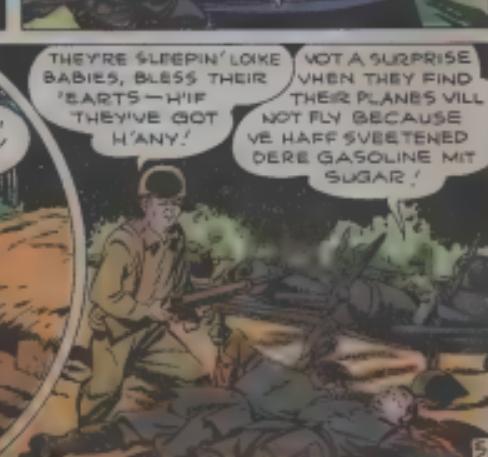
I HAVE HEEM IN ZE GRIP OF IRON!

WE DON'T HAVE TA WASTE NO DYNAMITE ON DIS MAGAZINE!

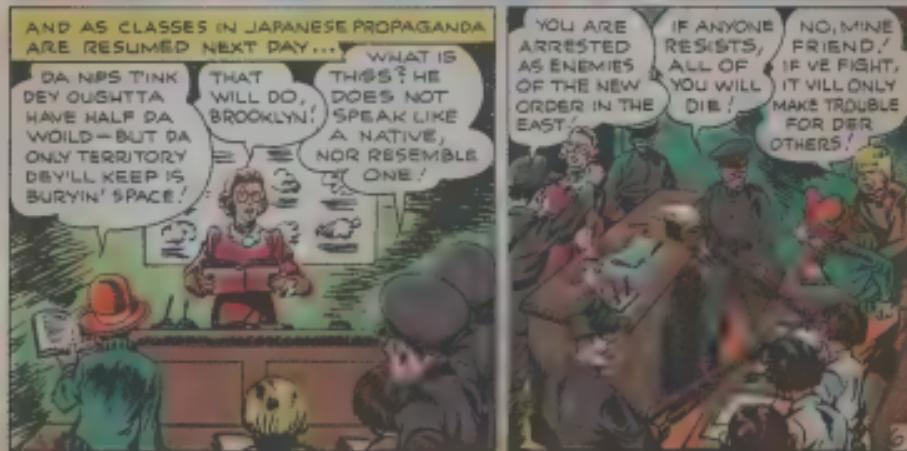
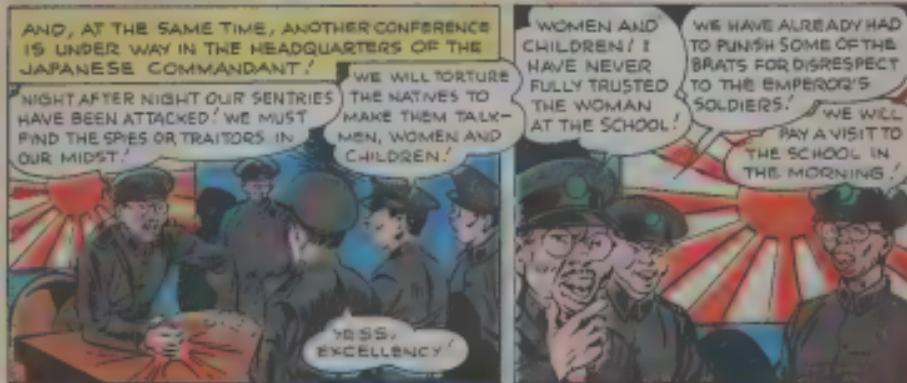
WE'LL HOOK DA WIRES TA DA NIPS' OWN AMMUNITION!

THEY'RE SLEEPIN' LOIKE BABIES, BLESS THEIR HEARTS—H'IF THEY'VE GOT H'ANY!

NOT A SURPRISE WHEN THEY FIND THEIR PLANES VILL NOT FLY BECAUSE VE HAFF SWEETENED DERE GASOLINE MIT SUGAR!



DETECTIVE COMICS



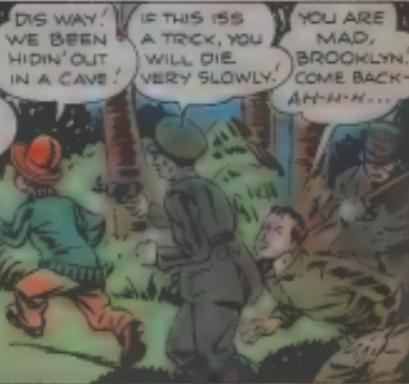
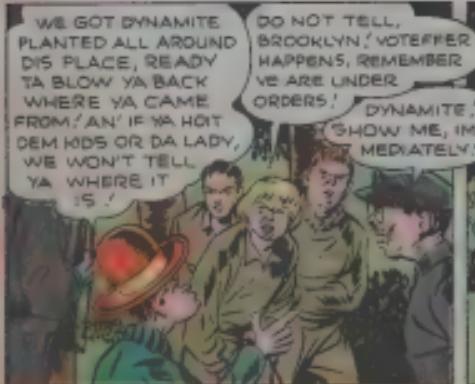
THE BRAVE WARRIORS OF THE SUN EMPEROR BEGIN THEIR INQUISITION—WITH THE LIVES OF A WOMAN AND CHILDREN AT STAKE!

YOU ARE ENEMY SABOTEURS, AND YOU MUST DIE! BUT FIRST, GUESS AGAIN, YE WE WILL HEAR OF YOUR ACTIVITIES AGAINST US!

HAPE! WE AIN'T TALKIN'!

VERY WELL! SOLDIERS, USE YOUR BAYONETS ON THE BRATS FIRST, THEN ON THE WOMAN!

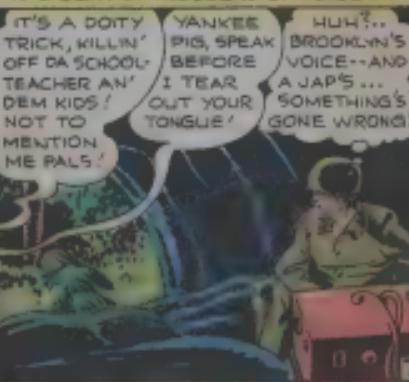
NO! DON'T HARM THEM! THEY KNOW NOTHING! NIX ON DAT STUFF! I'LL TALK IF Y'LL LET 'EM GO!



IS IT POSSIBLE THAT BROOKLYN IS GOING TO SACRIFICE RIP AND HIS COMRADES TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE? HE LEADS THE ENEMY COMMANDANT ALMOST TO THE THRESHOLD OF THE CAVE...



AND, SCANT YARDS AWAY, RIP'S ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY THE SOUND OF VOICES!



DETECTIVE COMICS

THE NIPS ARE WISE!  
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!  
I'LL RADIO THE TASK  
FORCE TO SEND  
PLANES ON AHEAD!

MINUTES LATER...

FIGHTER PLANES ARE ON  
THE WAY, AND PARATROOP-  
ERS WILL BE SENT FROM THE  
NEAREST BASE! AND NOW  
FOR THE FIREWORKS!

MEANWHILE, BROOKLYN IS STALLING  
DESPERATELY FOR TIME!

HOW MUCH  
FARTHER,  
DOG?

YA'LL BE IN DA  
SPOT I'M TAKIN' YA  
TO IN A MINUTE  
OR TWO — I  
HOPE!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT! YOU  
HAVE TRICKED  
US!

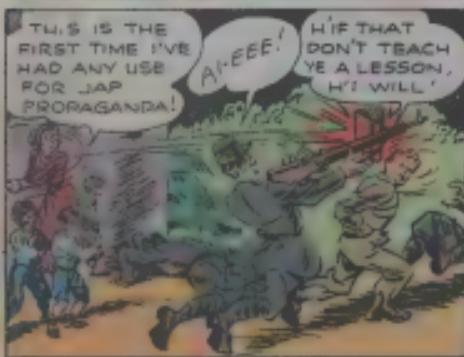
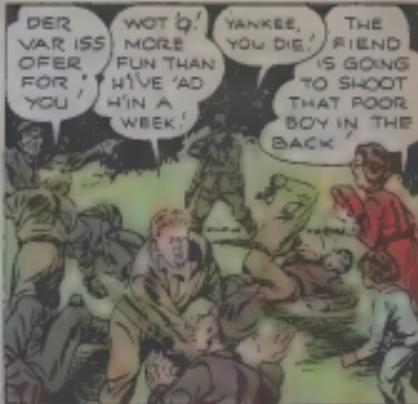
YA CAN  
SAY DAT  
AGAIN!

DERE'S DYNAMITE  
IN ME MITTS,  
TOO!

BOOP!

AI-EEE!

GOT TO FIND  
THE KIDS AND  
TRY TO HOLD OFF  
WHAT JAPS ARE  
LEFT TILL THE  
PLANES GET  
HERE!



DETECTIVE COMICS



FROM  
THOM  
MCAN

# FREE TO BOYS

Get This Swell Picture-Book FREE!  
You Don't Have to Buy ANYTHING to Get It!



## How to Play BASEBALL Like a Big-Leaguer!

ALL IN WONDERFUL  
PICTURES!

### BUCKY WALTERS



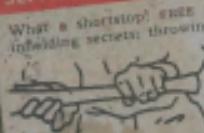
His FAST BALL whizzes like a bullet! FREE BOOK shows how to grip ball for different pitches; proper stance on rubber; how to hold runner near bag; work with catcher.

### DIXIE WALKER



Top slugger of 'em all in '44! Get loads of secrets from FREE BOOK — on how big-leaguers grip 'em; bat and blast home runs! Base-stealing secrets!

### SLATS MARION



What a shortstop! FREE BOOK shows bunting, pivoting on double plays, tagging runners, signals, handling pop-flies. Simple diagrams of normal positions, cut-off plays.

TAKE THIS "FREE BOOK" COUPON  
TO YOUR NEAREST THOM MCAN STORE

MANAGER: THOM MCAN STORE: I want my copy of *HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL LIKE A BIG-LEAGUER*. This is FREE and I don't have to buy anything to get it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town or City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: Put your name and address on this coupon and TAKE it to any Thom McAn store in your town. But if there is NOT any Thom McAn store in your town at all then mail the coupon (WITH 10¢ in coin or stamps to cover postage and handling charges) to THOM MCAN (Dept. NCG7) 25 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N. Y. Your free book will be mailed to you at once.

REMEMBER: No book can be mailed if there is a Thom McAn store in your town. You must TAKE the coupon shown

FREE BOOK gives you big-league "dops" on how to pitch, bat, catch; play every position; run bases; bunt; signals; team strategy; how to keep score; lay out a diamond.

### MEL OTT

Big-leaguer when he was 15! FREE BOOK shows secrets of outfield play—how to scoop 'em up or pull 'em down! Big-league strategy, the 8 m. work.

### MORT COOPER



Cardinal star's bends like a pretzel! FREE BOOK shows bunt drops, Cobbett's curves, ball, smackers, drops, and other trick stuff!

Get This Wonderful  
FREE BOOK NOW!

Learn secrets that can make you the big-league star of your own team! BE THE FIRST among all your pals to get YOUR copy of this FREE BOOK!

Just TAKE coupon to nearest Thom McAn Store. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY ANYTHING! But while you are there (perhaps with Dad) look at the new brown and white Thom McAn twosomes. It's smart looking—but tough, with a sturdy No-Mark McFlex sole.

Your book CANNOT be mailed if there is a Thom McAn store in your town. YOU MUST TAKE THE COUPON THERE. But if there is NO store, mail coupon (WITH 10¢ for postage and handling) to THOM MCAN, Dept. NCG7, 25 W. 43 St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

### BIG STARS

Photos in Action!

WALTERS • WALTERS  
COOPER • LOZICK  
MCQUINN • MARION  
GUTTERIDGE • OTT  
WALKER • RACH



BACK AGAIN!  
\$1.00  
two - India  
Boys  
\$3.15

BE SURE  
TO GET THESE  
TOP FAVORITES  
FOR THE  
*Best in  
COMICS!*



Now on Sale  
EVERYWHERE!



# **LIGHTER MOMENTS** with **fresh EVEREADY batteries**

*Dated*



"Oops, pardon us, ladies! Wrong beach!"

"EVEREADY" flashlight batteries are important equipment for the Armed Forces and the essential war industries. It requires the bulk of our entire production to meet their needs. That explains the present scarcity of these dependable, long life batteries for civilian use.

However, new and improved "Eveready" batteries will make their appearance after the war in ample quantities. These new batteries will reward you with an extra measure of service and dependability.

*Be a regular American—buy War Bonds regularly.*

*Fresh  
DATED BATTERIES  
Last Longer  
Look for the date line*



# **EVEREADY**